

'Tis sweet to think when stormy tempests loom  
And angry billows threat to overwhelm  
That God is all-omnipotent in power  
The Barque may reel, but God is at the helm

And though the Thunder's roll, and lightnings play  
Yet let not gloomy thoughts at all prevail  
The darkest night oft brings the brightest day  
And thankful hearts a glorious sunrise hail

There's not a sorrow, - not a grief - or pang  
Which He who holds the Thunders in His hand  
Cannot avert, or sanctify to man.  
All - all - must yield to His divine command.

Though toss'd upon the ocean's stormiest tide  
Whose angry billows threat to overwhelm  
Through all our little Barque may safely glide -  
Cheer up, - faint not - the Lord is at the helm.

Written by my dear Anne Maria, and  
printed in 1845, during a time of great  
mental depression and apprehension.  
Feb.

Let me know  
if you can find the  
book.

Yours truly  
Wm. L. G. L.

My dear Mr. L. G. L.  
I have just received your  
letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear  
that you are interested in  
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to H. L. 1849